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[ONE PENNY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OUR Easter number is enriched by verses from several of our friends, as well as by other verses gathered from published works. We are grateful to all those who have contributed, whether by verse or prose, what so fittingly expresses the deeper thought and feeling which gather about the Easter festival. As we write, the clear sunny day seems to promise well for the holiday.

MR. HERBERT SCHMALZ'S new picture, "The Great Awakening," now being exhibited in London, is interpreted to the public by Ian Maclaren. The picture represents two figures, the Angel of the Resurrection, strong, pitiful and tender, leading a young maiden up from the shadows of the earth beneath, to the bright plains of the heavenly country. Of scenery there is very little, the whole interest being concentrated in the two figures, in which there are symbolic touches, but a full measure of human interest. The central thought is beautifully pictured, with greater strength, as it seems to us, both of conception and of execution, than was shown in Mr. Schmalz's earlier works. It is interesting to remember that Mr. Schmalz is a grandson of James Wilson Carmichael, the marine painter, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His mother was daughter of the German Consul there.

THE April *Scribner*, which is a Spring number, contains a striking poem by Mr.

Henry Van Dyke, "The Toiling of Felix," a legend based on the most remarkable of the recently discovered "Sayings" of Christ: "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I." This saying the poet takes as a gospel of labour, and tells (in the metre of "Locksley Hall") his story of Felix, who as a devoted ascetic first sought the Divine vision, but then, after fruitless search, was sent to share in the common labour of men. There he found peace and gladness, and a sense of the Master's nearness; and at last the actual vision of Christ is granted him, who tells how he himself was of lowly birth and lived a life of toil.

"They who tread the path of labour follow where my feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

"Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

"I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife,
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.

"Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to man, is done to Me."

IN the current number of *The New Orthodoxy* there is an interesting article by the Rev. Martin Gledhill on "Robertson of Brighton," which contains the following passage:—

"The force which Robertson exercised on this age was not so much intellectual as spiritual. His intellectual powers were of no mean order, but not of the kind which produce a new school of thought. His nature was too intense for that kind of work. He helped to break down the influence of many of the old religious theories—not so much, however, by the force of criticism, as by leading men forward to what was more vital. He himself was led forward more by spiritual insight than the consecution of thought. Robertson created a new religious atmosphere, and in doing this exercised a greater influence on his age than any force could have done which was simply intellectual."

It will be seen from an advertisement in our present issue that Mr. N. S. Kay, the well-known photographer at Bolton, has secured a new portrait of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. We have seen a proof, and the likeness seems to us admirable. Of the earlier published photographs of Mr. Brooke, we have long felt that the one (by Elliott & Fry) in *Sunshine and Shadow*, the volume of selections from his writings, is the best.

In this latest portrait one does not see quite so much of the face, and especially not of the eyes; but it is thoroughly successful and will be greatly valued, we doubt not, by many of our friends throughout the country, who have recently had the privilege of seeing and hearing Mr. Brooke.

THE *New Unity* of Chicago celebrated last month its twentieth birthday, and received a large number of pleasant greetings in prose and verse. Among them this verse:

New friends will come, old friends must go;
The noble cause renews its youth;
Its shining symbols, all may know,
Are Freedom, Fellowship, and Truth.

Professor C. C. Everett, in his congratulation, said of *Unity*: "It has had a double task, to liberalise religion and to make liberalism religious," and that of these two the second now required most urgently all the effort that could be brought to bear upon it. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the Editor, replied, recalling his comrades in the work of twenty years ago, and looking forward with good hope to the future.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, writes to Mr. Clayden: "I am coming over the sea once more. I take the North German Lloyd steamer *Aller*, April 16, for Naples. Want to see a bit of Italy, all I can find time for or the appetite. Cross over the mountains into Switzerland, if the way is open, say late in May or early in June; if not open I shall have to take the train, go thence to Paris, where my brother will come from Angers, where he has lived these forty years, to spend a few days with me, and then I shall turn up in England, Yorkshire, I hope, about Whitsuntide or a bit later. Shall be in London—always D.V.—but do not know the time. Shall have your address, and will look you up among the first things I do." Dr. Collyer adds: "I have had a grip of *la grippe*, rather a bad one, could not go to church one Sunday, the first time for such a reason these nineteen years, almost, of my life in New York, and the second in thirty-nine years since I became a minister in this fellowship in Chicago in the spring of '59."

THE Rev. Geo. St. Clair's work, called "Creation Records," is expected to be issued next month by David Nutt. It deals with the Egyptian myths, and claims to explain them all consistently on one principle. The author endeavours to show that the stories veil an astro-religious system which was completed about 6,000 years ago. They are allegories of stellar changes and rectifications of the Calendar which actually occurred, and they formed the foundation of the legends of Genesis.

NEADVILLE

SOME EASTER THOUGHTS.

EASTER is the great festival of the awakening of new life. Early or late, it comes always in spring, the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox. And it is a beautiful thought that while the Christian Church throughout the world is celebrating the rising of the living Christ out of the shadows of death, in the native land of Jesus, and in all the countries of the north, the earth is once more putting on its robe of living beauty, and bearing witness to the unchanging faithfulness of the Creator, the Fountain of all life.

In this Easter festival our central thought is of the risen Christ, of his triumph over death, and the new faith and joy which came to his disciples after the darkness of the season of trial and the bitterness of the Cross. We may not all think alike as to the actual events in those first days after the Crucifixion, nor agree in our answers to the historical questions which naturally arise. But it is of far more importance clearly to grasp, as we may with great thankfulness, the central truth that *it was life and not death, which was the issue of those sad days of the Passover*, and that in Jesus, all the more because of what he suffered, and the outcome of his suffering, we have the supreme witness of the power of the spiritual life in man.

It is surely not unfitting that we should connect our gladness at the return of spring with the deeper thankfulness of the Christian festival. For while our life is here on earth we ought to feel its sacredness. As every day is a resurrection and a new gift of life from the Father of all, so each year the return of spring comes to us as a message of hope and good will. It is new life that comes to us with the brighter and more genial days, the freshness of the early green, and the flowers sent to us first from the warmer countries of the South, and then crowding in on every side from our own meadows and gardens. There is new heart of gladness in the birds, and all other living creatures. Now we can see, not in faith alone, that the new year has begun, and the multitudinous voices of the earth call to us also to renew *our life*, to make it bright and fresh, nobler in inward grace, that shall answer to the fresh beauty without.

AND we should never let the thought of fading flowers and the passing of the years mar the joy of spring. We drink at a fountain of pure water, and each time the cup is emptied we know better how delicious and refreshing is the draught. But we do not mourn over the emptied cup, because we know the fountain is always there, and will always satisfy our need. And so we do not want each springtime to last for ever; but thankfully we receive each new gift, and learn more of the wonderful bounty of the Giver of all good.

THE return of spring, with its unfailing joy, is a parable to us of our deeper spiritual life. It is for growth, for the continual unfolding of new beauty and a deepening of joy that God has given us this spiritual life, made us able to think thoughts of God, of truth and righteousness and love, the unseen things which are eternal. The return of spring is to us

a parable, which we use for the poetry of our deeper life, not for the scientific drawing out of an exact analogy. But as the leaves of autumn fall to the ground, and with the seeds of last year are buried, and through the dissolution of earlier forms of life there springs up new freshness and beauty, changing apparent death into richer, fuller life, so with us: we often bury a dead self in evil cast aside, or in disappointed hopes, in lessons hardly learnt, and let those broken fragments of a former life nurture in us a more perfect growth, having in our hearts the secret of life, the promise of growth and progress which God has given, and being led by Him through various discipline to better things. And so finally we lay aside all our earthly possessions, even that earthly house of our tabernacle, so familiar and so useful in its day, in which we dwelt through all our earthly years, but which after that is useless for our life. We lay it aside, it may be, in the quiet evening or the silent night, calmly, without fear, or perhaps, at some swift call, in the noon-day, or in some sharp agony, and yet, by whatever way, having our trust in the living God. For as He lives, so we are assured that it is to life we are called—life and more perfect joy.

OUR thoughts go back to the last scenes in the Master's earthly life. We see the gathering with his closest friends at the last supper; we watch with him in the garden; and then once more we stand by the Cross. Remember who it is who is stretched there in agony; those hands, which had been laid in blessing on the little children, pierced now by the cruel nails; the lips that had uttered words of such surpassing power and tenderness parched now with terrible thirst. From the sixth hour to the ninth there was darkness. And he cried with a loud voice and yielded up his spirit. Then there is silence. The crowd of idle gazers may disperse. The Pharisees, their fierce passion satisfied, go their way, back to their holy city. The Roman soldiers, stationed there to guard the Cross, think little of a sight so common as a mangled corpse. But what thoughts are in the heart of the disciple, who still lingers by the Cross? Oh, friends, you who know death, not by hearsay only, but because the silent presence has been in your own homes, you have the truest answer to that question. While the suffering lasts the disciple's heart is wrung with speechless agony. Willingly would he himself be stretched upon the Cross, if only he might save his Master from that hour. And he can only stand and watch, his heart overflowing with unutterable love and pity, and with an overshadowing awe. But when the great silence has come, when that which hangs upon the Cross is no longer Jesus, then descends upon him also a divine and unspeakable peace. The agony is over; the world has done its worst; and God is very near. This is not death; there is a deeper sense of indestructible life, a strong and passionate conviction that the unseen things are eternal. Here is one liberated, and victorious over death!

It is wonderful for us, now that the battle is fought and won, to look back across the centuries to that day in the olden time, to see the bitterness of the struggle, the darkness of that storm which

broke over the Son of Man, himself so gentle, and pure, and true, to see how the bigotry and hatred of men raged about him in violence and coarse insult and cruelty, thinking to destroy his life, and yet to know all the time that it was well with him, that even of such a storm the infinite compassion and the holy purpose of the Almighty would make a calm such as the world had not known: that God would quickly bring His faithful child into the haven of unspeakable peace, while He gave to all true disciples a new life of triumphant strength and unconquerable faith. Even on that evening of the Crucifixion, while darkness was over the earth, and, it may be, heavy clouds hid the infinite heavens, yet, far above, the full-orbed moon was shining all the time, clear and steadfast, and glorified those dark clouds on the side that was turned to heaven. And so above all the tumult of passion and grief, the quietness of God's holy purpose rested, and the light of His infinite love, in steadfast radiance over that troubled scene, was watching, though as yet unrevealed, but waiting for the time when it should fill the hearts of His children there so sorely tried, with blessedness and peace. For us the brightness of that Paschal moon now glorifies the darkness of the last scene of the Master's earthly life; for we look at it from the heavenward side: the bitterness of death is long since overcome, and only the wonderful calm, and the richness of the new life remain.

To many a heart this recurrent festival brings back memories of how the history of Jesus is repeated in the lives of his disciples. For often in the midst of a rejoicing world, while, perhaps, the children's innocent laughter is heard next door, there comes to some home a real "passion week," and then after the weary watches of the night, with alternating hope and fear, there dawns at length the holy light of an Easter morning, which shows that there is one child less on earth, and one more amid the greater throng of those who have passed into the unseen. Then, perhaps, for the first time those who remain behind fully understand the meaning of that saying: "The Christ is risen, and is ascended up on high." Heaven is very near in the holy quiet of that hour, and the presence of the Father is revealed.

FOR EVERMORE.

A SAD refrain I heard, from poet sad,
Which on my soul with deadening
weight did fall;
But quick another word, which made me
glad,
Did from the heavens above me seem to
call.
The first was Evermore, which, like a
knell,
Struck on my ear with dull funereal
sound;
The last was Evermore, which, like a bell,
In waves of music filled the air around.
For evermore with loved and lost to be,
No more to suffer change, nor grief, nor
pain;
From partings sad to be forever free,—
Such was that sweet bell's music: its
refrain
Blended with voices from the heavenly
shore,
Each whispering to my heart, Forevermore.

JONES VERY.

EASTER MORNING.

THE glory of the dawning day,
The songs the wild birds sing,
The fragrance of the flowery spray,
The thousand joys of Spring,
Tell of the pleasures infinite
That saints immortal know,
Beyond all beauty, love and light
This world can ever show.

And yet in part we know the grace,
The greater glory view;
It shines in every loving face
As sunshine in the dew.
And vast and tender as the sky,
Wherein the planets roll,
A great enfolding majesty
Surrounds each star-like soul.

One is the source of all delight,
All life, below, above;
The never-failing strength of right;
The fadeless light of love.
Upon this harp of myriad strings
One Hand the music plays;
God wakes the earth, and lo! it sings
Preludes of heavenly praise.

To Thee, eternal One, to Thee
We sing with joy new-born;
Make pure our hearts, that we may be
All holy as the morn.
So let Thy love and mercy take
Our doubts and fears away,
Until for us the morn shall break
Of everlasting day.

W. G. TARRANT.

LIFE THAT FAILS NOT.

... The songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

PAUL's famous saying, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," suggests a great truth, though, taken literally, the words are no longer true. We know now that the seed, when sown at the right time and in a fitting soil, does not really die, but is awakened, as from sleep, to begin its true and greater life. The minute germ, folded close within the surrounding, protective envelope, quickens and bestirs itself. Consuming first the stored-up material lying ready to hand, it throws off the outer husk, strikes its roots into the ground, pushes its plumule upwards to the light and air, and comes forth a living plant, like that on which, in some past season, it was born and nurtured.

So it is not true to say the seed must die. As a seed it ceases to be, but only because, in another form, it lives much more. Not death, but fuller life, that change reveals. The old plant of an earlier springtime gave of its own life, surrendered something of itself to form the germ of other life, and now the seed which holds that germ awakes and expands, and is transmuted into a new organism, and this in turn will give of its life to form fresh seeds, whence other plants shall come for earth and air and sun to love and nourish into beauty and fruitfulness.

And there, surely, in that simple process of Nature going on around us in myriad forms through these spring days, there is a glimpse of the great life movement which man's higher nature shares. Some saint suggestion is there of the ordered progress of things by which the victory is

continually being won over perishable forms and ceaseless change and dull decay. Not death, but the sweeping on of life, or life for ever recovering and re-incarnating itself in new and larger ways, is what we see and dwell with in our strange great world. Death ceases to have positive reality or significance for us as we come to know our place amid the complex order of Nature and of Spirit. We find a withered plant, a perished insect, even a human form in which no breath remains, and our first thought is a thought of death. Should we not rather think: "Here life has been; here life has dwelt and prospered for awhile; now it has withdrawn, has gone away. This that we see is but the deserted husk, the cast-off robe. Life wove for itself such form as this. The mystic, viewless energy shaped for itself this tabernacle, used it, wore it out or grew too large for it, so cast it away and passed to other, perhaps to higher, forms."

We may well rejoice to live in a world so rich in recuperative and progressive powers. Whether we are young or old, well or ill—when in robust strength and when our bodily force is failing—can we not exult in that great life of things, which fails and falters not, which is for ever young, for ever strong, for ever gaining the victory over resistant, or seemingly destructive, powers?

Of course, if we are concerned very much about our own personal life, this sense of the great universal energies cannot suffice us long. Sometimes, indeed, we can be content that life in us should pass on into the life of others. It seems enough to be immortal through our children—the human children of our body or the spiritual children of our minds—the thoughts, the deeds, the influences that go forth of us and are often mightiest for good when we, in outward form, are here no more.

Be we content, then, to pass unto shade, Visage and voice in oblivion laid, While we live in the life that our actions have made.

That is a noble and serene attitude of mind, and many have found in it strength and inspiration to live well and to go hence in peace. But oftentimes something in us asks for more than this. The longing takes us that we may live on in other spheres, that we may retain our individual consciousness, that we may be ourselves still, although the body of flesh and blood fall into decay. It is then that we turn from the analogy of the seed to another of Nature's great processes of life. We think of the strange mystery of the insect's birth from its tomb in the chrysalis. We remember how the larva weaves its own shroud and buries itself therein, and from this comes forth in the spring days a winged creature; how it is changed, perhaps, from a mere grub, crawling and feeding coarsely at the bottom of a pool, into a brilliant, shining form, flashing through the sunlit air, feeding only on the nectar of leaves or of wayside flowers. We remember this and think that for us also death may be but a stage through which we pass to more ethereal and more buoyant, beauteous life.

Of course it is all a grand and sacred mystery. "We have but faith; we cannot know." We hope; and we are often "saved by hope" from thoughts that narrow too much the horizon of existence, or deaden the aspirations of the soul. But there is one thing of which we may be

sure, and this is the practical significance of an Easter meditation. Whatever may be our winged life beyond the dissolution of the body, it must be the life of the spirit; it is the spiritual being of thought and love and will that can arise from the perishing material form and maintain itself in higher spheres. Only, therefore, if a man has any soul life for which he cares is there hope in him. To neglect that is to give up the future, and enter into a covenant with death. But if we live for things of the mind there seems no reason, in the nature of things, why that life should cease because the muscle of the heart stops beating, and the nerves respond no more to external impressions. That story of the Resurrection of Jesus, on which the Church has built its hopes so great—that part of the story concerning which we need have no doubt, is the soul part. No one can question that the *spirit* of Jesus survived the worst which religious hate, and the nail and spear of the Roman soldier could do to the body. For that spirit wrought itself into the life and character and thought of men. It created a movement which should ultimately master the Roman Empire itself. Clearly it survived here as a mighty and persistent energy of good. And who shall say that it does not survive elsewhere, as a personality, as a beautiful and holy character, perfected through suffering, living on to serve and to love, where love and service are needed still?

If we care, then, for immortality, either of influence here or of conscious identity yonder, we shall cultivate the life of the spirit; we shall not neglect the body, or think lightly of its health or beauty or strength. But we shall live for spiritual ends. Knowledge and virtue and insight and love will be our great concern. "I want," said Cardinal Newman, "to make you *anxious* about your soul." "I want," said Socrates, "to make you *interested* in your souls." *Interested*, that is the better word—concerned for that in ourselves and in our fellows which is of lasting worth, which "has promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come." "Labour not (only or chiefly) for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life." This is the deeper lesson, this the true significance, alike of Easter, as a religious festival, and of Spring, as a renewal of Nature's strength and joy.

W. J. JUPP.

You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them.—George Eliot: "*Romola*."

To determine the religiousness of a man the question is not merely, "What does he believe?" but "Has he been faithful to himself in coming to his belief?" It is a fact which deserves to be held up everlastingly before men, that religion begins in faithfulness to yourself.—Theodore Parker.

GOOD FRIDAY: SUFFERING AND TRIUMPH.

In many a church, through Friday's gloom and darkness,

The wail of penitential grief is heard;
The hours of agony move slowly onward,
And every heart by sympathy is stirred.
Without, the throng of wayfarers is passing,

And crowds of travellers on pleasure bent;

No thought have they of meditative sadness,

No mournful message to their souls is sent.

To those who pass, is then all this as nothing?—

The travail of the Master ages back—
The mocking in the judgment-hall—the weeping

Of those who follow him on Calvary's track—

The Cross that rears its head above the city—

The anguish of the sufferer dying there—
The faithlessness of those who now desert him—

The awful silence—his last words of prayer?

If, at our Christmas-tide, we come rejoicing,
To celebrate the birth of Mary's son,

Shall we ignore the lessons of the season
Which tells us of the triumph that he won?

For it is surely well that as we ponder
On faithfulness like his in death's dark hour,

The strength of hero-souls should nerve us also

To courage, patience, and a new-born power.

If, from the world of light, the Master—
looking

On all the turmoil of the world below,
The long sad record of the Church's struggles,

And all our ever-present pain and woe—
Spoke to our hearts the message chiefly needed

To save us from indifference and fear,
What would he say? how summon us to enter

Into the peace that can uplift and cheer?

He would not ask that grief alone should claim us,

Because he suffered so in bygone years;
Would bid us rather utter glad thanksgiving,

That far behind him are the pain and tears,

That on the heavenly life he straightway entered,

And heard the welcome to the Father's rest.

O that in us might dwell the steadfast spirit

Which dies—and triumphs—at God's high behest!

DENDY AGATE.

To say that a man is religious, is the same thing as to say that he prays. For what is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God; to look on everything as His work and appointment; to submit every thought, wish, and resolve to Him; to feel His presence, so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest joy: that is prayer.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

FROM life through death to higher life beyond; from sorrow, sharp and deep, yet only finite in its nature, to joy which is eternal—this is the Evangel of Good Friday and Easter Day. And it is a Gospel which is sorely needed in these days, when, on the one hand, there are so many who, still strangers to the deeper sadnesses of life, are wholly absorbed in the pleasures and excitements of the passing day, and on the other hand, there are so many called upon to face their own trials or to contemplate the trials of others, without any resource of faith, and who therefore, at best, have nothing better than a stoical patience, and at worst, live on in spiritless despair or die of a broken heart. For all such the season has a peculiar message—a message, moreover, in keeping with that borne in upon us by the spring-tide of the year. It is the parable of life: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

For the moment, the life of Jesus seemed to end in ignominious failure on the Cross; and yet, out of that failure there rose up in the faith of the disciples the glorified life of their Master, and a new religion for the world.

No one can try to realise the event which we commemorate on Good Friday without being moved by its pathos. A somewhat morbid tendency in recent religious development tends to concentrate attention on the *physical* sufferings of Jesus. But these, though doubtless terribly keen, were not, after all, the main element in the tragedy. If we may venture to speak of his trouble of soul, should we not say that it consisted chiefly in the loneliness of his sorrow, and in misgivings as to the future of the cause for which he gave up his life? And as for the disciples, what was it that made this crisis so momentous for them? The hopes of the Kingdom, the anticipations which they had cherished, seemed all to be shattered at a single stroke. The Leader, the Friend, the Inspirer, who had, as it were, magnetised them with his spiritual power, apparently was now lost to them. They were spoiled for the old life. Never again, with the former content, at least, could they sit in receipt of custom, or fish the waters of Galilee; and yet the new career, to which they had looked forward, was closed against them at the very outset. Nay, worse still, not only were they defeated, the cause of truth and goodness was also defeated, and that, too, by what was obviously evil. Fate was against them, and fate was wicked. What was there to live for? What was the use of goodness? Where was God that the noblest being they had ever known or heard of should be insulted, scourged, put to death?

The Christian consciousness of a later time sought to realise the intensity of this agony by attributing to Jesus as prophecy sayings and promises of comfort, the truth of which was matter for subsequent experience. If, however, the immediate friends and followers of the Master had had such promise to sustain them *at the time*, they could hardly have been so dismayed, as they actually were, by the Crucifixion. Had they known *then*, that, after all, the kingdom was not lost, but

saved; that Jesus was not a victim, but a victor, that another Comforter would come unto them; that God and goodness still reigned ever all—then indeed the main part of the Tragedy of Calvary, both for Jesus and his disciples, would be removed. But we cannot suppose this to have been the case without violating all historical probability, and reading back into the earliest days the experience of the later. To repeat the actual state of feeling of the disciples on the day of Crucifixion is impossible. All *anniversaries* of the event are coloured by the faith which grew out of it, and which is symbolised by Easter Day. But the gloom of the Crucifixion itself was unrelieved by such light; for the time that was nothing but hopeless, blank despair.

The more we realise that, the more must we be impressed by the sublime faith which overcame the despair—the faith in the risen Jesus—a faith so strong that the apostles founded all their teaching upon it, and established a new era in the world's history. This is the central fact which remains, whatever explanation of it may be given. The influence of it was not confined to belief in the risen Christ. There is significance in a touching custom observed by the early Christians in the persecuting times. The day of a martyr's death was called his birthday, and as the anniversary came round, all who had witnessed or heard of his confession, of his sacrifice for truth, met together—not to indulge in grief, but to receive the Communion with him, a living presence, as they believed, and then went home in the assurance of unbroken union with him, giving joyful thanks to God for the faithful witness he had borne. This season of Christian commemoration may thus become fruitful indeed by drawing us into closer sympathy with the Higher Life that lies beyond. God fulfils Himself in many ways, and the bright faith of Easter morn which grew out of the seeming wreck of all hope on Good Friday is a symbol of the providential way in which along unknown paths men are ever being led from darkness into light.

JAMES HARWOOD.

WE are tired partly because we carry our burdens without calling into use half our available strength. There are dormant forces within us; there are around us and above us energies by which we might be re-enforced, if we would accept them. With the wakening of faith, hope, and love, these inward and outward forces come to our help; and with the proper training and cheerful use of our own faculties, we come under the yoke of duty, and find that yoke to be a labour-saving contrivance.—*Charles G. Ames.*

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected COCOA, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk.—Sold only in packets and pound tins, by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS and Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London."

TRANSFIGURATION.

A GLORY marks the passing of the day,
When weary mortals from their labour
cease;
And with the twilight hour there comes a
sense
Of God, and sonship, and eternal peace!
Therein true hearts do deep refreshment
take,
And lose the burden of the sultry noon;
And watchers on the mountain-side desery
That Deathless City they shall enter
soon.

Then human fellowship becomes a bond
In heaven registered, by angel eyes;
And Time needs no gilt treasure to be rich,
Nor Life a book of learning to be wise.

Each leafy grove a sacred temple turns,
Each hedgerow gate into an altar rail;
And with far-resting eyes the knight may
see,

Even to-day, the Vision of The Grail.
E. B. B.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare
The shepherd strives to make them
climb

To airy shelves of pastures green
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams
slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and
sings,
And seared below the pastures lie;

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

MARIA LOWELL.

THE trouble with us often is, that we do not make the effort after cheerfulness, though on all accounts we know it ought to be done.—*Robert Collyer.*

SHALL THE SOUL DIE?*

THE whole of our religious life bears this conviction of the true Fatherhood of God in upon us. All religious experience is the experience of that Fatherhood as an actual and constant fact of our lives. In every spiritual crisis, if the soul be true, we gather fresh demonstration of this Divine Fatherhood; and a full religious life consists in a daily consciousness that our relation to God is the relation of children to a father.

But what is involved in this with regard to our future? Is it to be conceived that a Father, whose heart is full of a Father's love, will after a few short years, which to Him are but as a moment, crush us out of existence? Love is twofold. He who loves delights in the object of his love, and is also filled with the desire to give joy to him whom he loves. If then God loves us with any love analogous to a father's, or indeed in any way that can be called love at all, it must be His will, both for His own sake and for ours, to keep and cherish us. He who disbelieves in the continuance of our conscious life after the crisis which men call death, disbelieves in the Fatherhood of God in any imaginable sense, and contradicts the very essence of the Gospel of Christ.

These considerations, it is true, constitute no demonstration that the soul does not die. The Gospel of Christ and the Fatherhood of God and all the convictions of religion may be so much superstition and untruth. But for those of us who are convinced of that central truth of Christianity, the Divine Fatherhood, the deathlessness of the soul follows as an inevitable corollary.

It is sometimes objected to such a view as this that it is arrogant. The truly humble man, it is said, will make no such claim for immortality. He will be content to die when he has lived his little day. To me it seems, on the other hand, that if once we are persuaded that we are children of a Heavenly Father, no such question between humility and pride can arise. We are God's children; therefore we must live on with God.

There are certain phenomena on which I do not desire to lay too great a stress; yet it seems to me that they may legitimately be accepted as confirmatory of a trust based upon other and still deeper experiences. It is alleged by many that they have been vividly conscious of the presence of loved ones who have gone before. I do not now allude to any occurrences at public séances where spirits appear to order, or meetings to which you are admitted by payment of a shilling. I refer to experiences on quite another plane. Let me give an example. A friend of mine many years ago translated into English the works of a great German master, whom he profoundly loved and honoured. My friend was a man of critical and sceptical temperament, and a highly cultivated scholar. He told me that as he toiled at his labour of love he was often conscious of the seeming presence of the master, whom he was striving to interpret, there with him in his study. William Henry Channing, who wrote the biography of his celebrated uncle, Dr. Channing, in like manner told me that he felt at his side the living and inspiring presence of

* From the April number of "Sermons for the Day," notes of a lecture delivered in Hope-street Church, Liverpool.

that great and noble teacher. Such experiences as these can have no convincing power for those who have never known them. But I know of nothing in science, philosophy, or religion which should preclude one who has known them from accepting them as true. Whatever interpretation we may give to the resurrection narratives in the New Testament, it can hardly be doubted that some of those who had known Jesus in the flesh were profoundly convinced now and again of his spiritual presence with them after he had passed away. There is intrinsically no more difficulty in conceiving of such communion between spirit and spirit than in conceiving of communion between the human soul and God.

To sum up, then, the result of our meditations: belief in our immortality must ultimately rest, not on a logical syllogism, but on a religious trust. It cannot be demonstrated like a proposition of Euclid, nor even like the great doctrine of Theism itself. But all our religion points to it and leads up to it. The faith in it ennobles the whole of life. There are great souls, such as that of George Eliot, which have endeavoured to convey a sense of the grandeur and nobility of life apart from any such hope or trust. Nor can we too highly honour those who have lived nobly and taught nobly, expecting after their earthly span to cease to be. We, who have this high hope to help us, may well be shamed by the faithfulness of some of these. But their attitude is abnormal. The attempt to be indifferent, and to root the yearning for immortality out of the heart, is unnatural. The whole make and constitution of our spiritual nature points to immortality, and we only realise our true humanity when we rise to the height of this glorious destiny.

R. A. ARMSTRONG.

GOOD FRIDAY—EASTER SUNDAY.

THE season carries our thoughts back to the hopes and fears, the faith and the disappointments, of the little band of men that had stood nearest about the Master through the few short months of his public ministry. We call to remembrance, with gratitude to the Giver of all good, how the faith of Christ was destined to survive what was intended for its death-blow; how, as they remembered the teacher and friend whom they had lost, the disciples felt their hearts new opened; how a new courage, and a new purpose, came to them; and how, through them, Christian faith and hope and love are chief among the influences that are lifting up and saving the world. Good Friday was not the end; it was only the end of the beginning. Easter Sunday brings the dawn of a brighter day for a religious movement which is to grow and spread through years and centuries to come.

If ever a good cause seemed hopeless and lost it was when the common people, after hearing the Teacher gladly for a time, hanging upon the gracious words that fell from his lips, sending his fame before him to the capital, and hailing him as he entered at the city's gate with "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord"—turned against him, disappointed and angry, to hound him to his death. Four days had wrought the change. The priestly party, restored to the leadership they had for the moment lost, were emboldened to strike. A weak and temporising official had sacrificed his convic-

tion of justice to the clamours of the mob. And the Lord had died the death of the criminal slave.

If ever a movement bore on its front the promise of a great success it was when Christ's Gospel of the Kingdom had its glorious re-birth in the disciples' hearts. Now the very men who had fled from danger when Judas and his following broke in upon the quiet of Gethsemane are ready to dare the worst in service of their message. Failure cannot come to a cause which enlists the steady faithfulness of John, the dashing zeal of Peter, and, by-and-by, the pathetic heroism of Paul, for these are forces that move the world.

So we rejoice "with all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," that for the influence, the faith, the spirit of Christ, which foolish men thought they had slain, there was in store, in the good providence of God, a far more glorious resurrection from the dead than the old time dreamed of. Jesus died. He had written nothing that could arouse interest in his movement among men at a distance; everything had to be done from one centre. He had organised no church, given his name to no new scheme of reform, founded no new party in the state. He had but lived in intimacy for a while with a dozen poor men—fishermen and tax-farmers chiefly—and, on the last night of his life, had asked them to "remember him" in the coming time as they took their evening meal together. But though they did not themselves know it at the time, so intensely had he impressed them, so truly had he drawn them to himself "with the cords of a man, with bands of love," that never again can they disown allegiance to him, or shirk the duty to which it calls them. How eagerly they recall every word that he had spoken to them! How it all seems lighted up now with new and fuller meaning! So they go forth as heralds of that Kingdom of Heaven, and of God, which Jesus preached. And so the Cross triumphs, "towering o'er the wrecks of time."

DOUGLAS WALMSLEY.

THE INWARD LIFE.

WE have been very glad to receive a copy of the third edition of "Psalms of the West,"* a little book which will be familiar to many of our readers. Originally printed in 1889, a second, popular edition was issued two years later, and was welcomed not only as a book for private reading, but as furnishing material for lessons in religious services, where a wider lectionary than the received Bible is permitted.

These Psalms are the utterance of one mind and heart, of a man of devout and poetic nature, who here speaks of life as it is in the present in our Western world. The form is neither prose nor verse, but that kind of rhythm which we have in our English version of the Hebrew Psalms. There are in this revised edition eighty-six Psalms, written at different times during some ten years, not with the object of producing a book, but as an expression, often under strong emotion, of a sincere religious life. The joy and glory of a beautiful world are here expressed, the strength of righteousness, the aspiration of a true Christian brotherhood. The achievements of science and the rightful

dominion of reason are acknowledged, no less than the inspiration of the prophets and martyrs of mankind; and all is seen in the light of the Eternal Goodness and the abiding presence of God.

"Surely the seen is an image, and the unseen alone hath power; the invisible hath created, and remaineth for ever, though the fixed stars be melted and moulded anew.

"We will not mourn for death, we will pass to thy presence with thanksgiving, and our lives shall be hymns of gladness ascending to the home of souls."

The following further extract from one of the Psalms will show the quality of the book to those of our readers who have not yet made its acquaintance. The titles of the Psalms in the table of contents are a welcome improvement to this revised edition.

The Voice of God in Reason.

How beautiful are the dwellings of peace where the holiness of God abideth! how joyful are the people who delight in the fulness of faith!

Where truth is dear to all hearts, and lovingkindness the breath of their being:

They shall rise early with thanksgiving and go forth in the strength of salvation.

Pure and glorious doth the fountain of light spring up in their meditation, beautiful is the grace that sweeteneth all communion.

They shall not be trammelled by vain tradition, neither shall creeds nor heresies distress them.

All that is good they shall know and do, for they abide in the eternity of living wisdom.

So doth God arise daily and shine upon their spirits, because they turn toward Him, and their souls partake of the heavenly glory.

They will be brethren to all that seek righteousness, and no human cry shall fall on their ears unheeded.

The difficult way breaketh not their courage, the hard world trampleth not under foot the revealed inspiration of duty.

The blessing upon all is dearer to each than his own advantage; the prosperity of one shall be showered on all his kindred.

Extinguish the vanity of the churches, and obey the voice of God in reason, the love that moveth the heart.

That religion shall never die; in the fulness of manhood shall the work of man express the will of Infinite Love.

You are to go along the road which you see to be the straight one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load, nor unload, yourself, nor cut your cross to your own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large; and many, that they could carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest are usually very particular about its being ornamental, and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can, and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it. The real and essential meaning of virtue is in that straightness of back.—*Ruskin*; "*Ethics of the Dust*."

OBITUARY.

DR. JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN.

A LONG life of diligent and distinguished service ended on Sunday, March 20, in the passing away of Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, at Cambridge, Mass. Known in later years as a gentle and thoughtful scholar, he was one of those who had a share in what Harriet Martineau called the Martyr Age of the American Republic. He had dared to speak for the cause of emancipation, and if he did not suffer any personal violence, was at least obliged to resign his ministerial charge in consequence.

Dr. Allen was born in 1820, at Northborough, Mass., where for fifty-seven years his father was minister of the first parish. In 1840 he graduated at Harvard, and during the next three years studied in the Divinity School. In 1843 he became minister of the third parish in Roxbury (Jamaica Plain). Thus his early years belonged to the period of Dr. Channing's ministry in Boston, and he began to preach just at the time when Theodore Parker was beginning to make his influence felt. For three years Dr. Allen was at Washington, and removing in 1850 to Bangor, in Maine, took with him his strong interest in emancipation. It was at Bangor, that after lecturing and speaking on various occasions on this burning question he received the remonstrances from members of his congregation, which in 1857 led to resignation. For some years after this his home was at Jamaica Plain, where he engaged in private teaching, and for twelve years edited the *Christian Examiner*. He also preached for short periods in several parishes in the West.

From 1878 to 1882 Dr. Allen was lecturer on Ecclesiastical History at Harvard, and as the fruit of his studies published the three volumes on *Christian History*, dealing with the three great periods from the foundation of the Church to modern times. Previously, he had published the volumes, *Ten Discourses on Orthodoxy* (1849), and *Hebrew Men and Times* (1850). At the close of his last session at Harvard Dr. Allen delivered to the Senior Divinity Class an extremely interesting course of lectures on "Our Liberal Movement in Theology," which at the request of the class was published, while in a "Sequel," published only last year, he collected some later addresses, and memorial notices of younger men, completing his view of the history of Unitarianism in New England, of which his own life had so largely been contemporary. In these volumes, so rich in personal interest, and in his *Unitarianism since the Reformation* (1894), Dr. Allen has laid us under great obligation, as well as by his other studies in Church History. For some years, from 1887 he was also Editor of the *Unitarian Review*.

To this brief notice we will add some of the closing passages of Dr. Allen's last Divinity School lecture.

"Here we must bear in mind that, while nothing we can do or say or think can alter in the least the FACT of the Divine government or our own ultimate destiny, yet our own relation to that government or that destiny depends wholly on what we do and think and are. The lessons of Christian history, which make by far the most profound and instructive chapter in

* "Psalms of the West." Third Edition revised Longmans, Green and Co. Price 1s. 6d.

the moral history of mankind, have taught us little, unless they have shown how salvation, at the hour of extreme crisis, has always been found in one way,—that is, *by returning upon the deepest moral convictions of the soul.*"

* * * * *

"Whatever else the course of thought may leave behind, it remains that every man of healthy intelligence knows there is a right and there is a wrong, and that the difference between them measures the highest law of his being. The foundations of the universe are far, very far beyond our sight; but we know they must be laid in equity. There is 'an Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness.'

If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

"This deepest law of our life we cannot always learn by way of theory. So much of it as concerns ourselves we learn by way of obedience. One may be our Theology; the other is our Religion. When the desire to know and the purpose to obey have taken full possession of a man; when they mount in his aspiration, and flame in his passion, and breathe in his piety, and give their colour to his thought, and nerve him to his work,—then we have the true Religion which our time demands, independent of all its philosophies, and nobler than all its Creeds."

WOULD WE RECALL THE DEAD?

THOU pure, mysterious, unselfish love
That links the mother and the child
through life,

And helps our spirits to believe in God!
Mother—the incarnation of that love—

To whom for many varied earthly years
I turned for never-failing sympathy,
I have been blessed with many other
loves

Each with its crown of glory and of
thorns,

But nothing fills your place, since from
this earth,

Mother, you vanished to return no more.
Yet, when a cruel voice startles the air
And asks: Wouldst thou that she return
to thee?

By all the unselfish love I bear to her,
And by her love to me, I answer *No*.
And those loved children, who in years
long past

Took with them all my joy, till kindly
Time

And daily duties and returning faith
Made grief a part of that strange "buried
life"

The poet tells us that we all possess,
Still, in the watches of the night they
come,

Children that never age—and I forget
That they are phantasies, and I am old.
But if you ask me, would I call them
back?

I answer *No*, I am content to wait.
For we must live our life, and sorely need,
Not dreams, but Truth, to help us on our
way.

And he who came to show us how to live
And bravely die, taught us to trust in
God,

Nor seek to lift the veil his love has cast,
But humbly say: "His will be done in
Heaven."

E. E. J.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

*"Lo, the winter is past. . . . The flowers
appear on the earth again, and the time of
the singing of birds is come."—Song of
Solomon ii. 12.*

HERE in my left hand is a seed. It is so dull-looking you scarcely want to see it. But here in my right hand is a flower. Ah! you look at that! Its loveliness draws your eyes, and its sweet fragrance almost fills you with desire.

Wait a bit! This beautiful flower has just grown out of a seed like that. Can you fancy it? Two weeks ago there was no such flower at all. Two months ago there was neither leaf, nor stem, nor root. It was only a seed then. Yet, here it is—a lovely flower. How can it be? How does it all happen? Nobody knows but God.

Now, look at something else. Perhaps you have seen a sweet little baby in a coffin. It might be your own baby sister or brother. Perhaps, like me, you have seen your own dear mother or father lying down in peaceful death. Well, if you could, this moment, see into heaven as clearly as you can see this flower in my hand, what would you find? Why, instead of that little baby sister you saw in the coffin you would see in heaven a bright and happy girl. Yes, your very own sister, only grown more lovely, and laughing at your wonderment about it all. And that mother and father, too, of yours and of mine, we should see them there also, in that glad other world. So our religion teaches. That is what Jesus told us. Do you ask me how it all can be? I cannot tell any more than I can tell you how this seed could possibly become this flower, or how Spring can come after Winter, or Summer ripen into Autumn. God only knows, but we believe; and God Himself knows why.

Well now, it is because we believe there is no death for the soul that we try to help our belief in all kinds of ways. For example, we are keeping Easter this week. What does it mean? It just means, to begin with, this great season of spring-time. As the Song of Solomon, written twenty-five hundred years ago, says: "Look! the winter is past. . . . The flowers appear on the earth again, the time of the singing of birds is come." Go back as far as you can, and spring-time has always come, the starting and rising of new life on the earth, and how could the people of the earth help but be glad at the sight and the sound of it? So that Easter is a very old time of joy; and the giving of eggs as emblems of unfolding life in the spring-time, with all the promise of summer and autumn in it, is a custom with more meaning in it than we are apt to imagine. But this dear old spring, which is always new, and this keeping of Easter, which is ancient too, have had an even richer meaning in them since Jesus lived. On Good Friday he was crucified. There on the Cross he died. And that, to his disciples and friends, seemed to be the end, although in his life-time he had told them, more than once, that to the soul there is no death. He called death "going away," as you might go to another country; only he told them he was going to his Father's mansion, and that they also might come by-and-by. But his sudden, cruel death so stunned the disciples that they could not for a day or two think of

anything but his crucified body. Then, after his loving burial, what he had told them about heaven and eternal life somehow came back to them, and they said one to another with quiet joy, "He is not here. He is risen. He is alive!" How glad they were! How brave, too. They could face any hardship or persecution after that faith came to them—that he was alive for evermore, that as he lived so also would they live, that he was even more to them now than when they could see him on the earth, and that nothing could separate them from his love. Death, indeed, would only take them nearer. Do you wonder that with this faith these men and women and children became conquerors of evil and fearless of death? And as every Easter Day came round, though they were sad to think of him on the Friday, yet on the Easter Day, which so soon followed, and which they called "The Sunday of Joy," do you wonder that, as they met each other with smiles, their greeting should be "He is risen," and the reply, "He is risen indeed!"

So you see, for the spring-time which the good God gives us, and for the sweet hope to which the good Christ helped us, we keep our Easter with eggs, and flowers, and carols, and all the gladness and kindliness we can show. What we cannot say in words about that other life to come we try to put in symbols.

They have a very pretty way of keeping Easter Eve in Capri. For a full account of this, and a picture, look in the April *Young Days*. I wonder if what little I can here tell will suggest the meaning.

Every year, some weeks before Easter, the good folk of Capri catch a lot of birds in their gardens or fields. No, they don't hurt them; not a bit. They catch them to be very kind to them. They feed them well, and birds and children in a house grow very friendly indeed.

Easter Eve comes at last. All go to church—men and women, boys and girls, some with gaily-decorated olive boughs, some with birds held by a ribbon to the wrist, and some with a bough in one hand, a bird in the other.

What a church full of gay boughs, lively birds, and eager folks—old and young! What is going to happen? Look toward the Communion table or high altar, as it is called. You cannot see it. All through this Good Friday week a great thick curtain has hidden that end of the church from sight. But now, on this Easter Eve, all in the church are gazing in that direction.

Hark! The clock strikes twelve! The organ peals forth, the curtain drops and discloses a figure which is meant to represent Jesus, no longer the crucified sufferer, but risen above death into heavenly life. Now, all ribbons or strings which hold the birds are let go, and one, two, three, twenty, fifty, a hundred happy creatures are fluttering and flying above the heads of the people. At first some of them beat their wings against the walls, but all doors and windows have been purposely opened, and before many minutes every bird is free as air and sky! J. J. WRIGHT.

MAN's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the finite.—*Carlyle.*

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EASTER DAY.

THE heart of faith rejoices in the light of Easter Day. In the fresh morning hour, in the clear and beautiful light of the risen sun, the shadows of suffering and death fall away. There is memory, indeed, of the weeping that endured for the night; but joy has come with the morning. It is the joy of life, crowned with the beauty of this earth in re-awakening spring, but with a benediction richer and more abiding, because of love that is stronger than death.

In the shadow of death there had been bitter anguish, and it seemed as though all were lost. But then came the great silence; the tortured, broken body was at rest, and into the watchers' hearts came the conviction beyond words of a Divine overshadowing, and a witness of undying life. What remains from those hours of anguish is the victory of faith; and now, in the light of the new day, the sorrow and suffering that are past do but minister to a calmer strength.

He who has passed within the veil was faithful unto death. Loyalty to truth and right, the meekness of patient suffering, the self-surrender of perfect love—these are what death cannot touch. He, whose life they were, has risen out of the shadows into the glorious light of God, who is mindful of His own. And the knowledge that such a life has been lived, here on earth, in the brotherhood of men, and is manifest as victorious over death, gives to the disciples a share in that same joy, and lifts them up as also having victory even here over the shadow of death. Now they are stronger to suffer, confident to speak the word of Divine truth, joyful in the

fellowship of the unseen and in the communion of remaining friends, quickened to a new tenderness and helpful sympathy, a new eagerness to declare the joy of life, and fearless even if they also shall be called to tread the bitter path of martyrdom.

Thus life is consecrated anew, and humanity ennobled, and the festival of the new life becomes not only a commemoration of what is past, but a thanksgiving for the present. With reverent and grateful memory is blended a humble dedication to the same high service, and a wonderful gladness in the Divine mystery of life, which calls even the lowliest of the sons of men to the knowledge of God, to their own place as children in the household of God.

Whoever, then, rejoices in the Easter Festival finds the earth more beautiful and life richer in the treasures that endure. All that is most sacred in the memories of the past is gathered up into this thanksgiving; the cloud of witnesses, from each generation, united in a common aspiration and a common faithfulness, speak of the continuing triumph of the sons of God—and not only of that triumph, but of the Infinite compassion of One who cannot forget those either who did not here share in the victory, but gathers them out of their failure in this life, that they also may be renewed in hope and in opportunities of service hereafter.

There is no shadow of our mortality that is not touched, and dissipated, by this glorious light of eternal hope; and least of all the sorrows of our personal life in bereavement; for they become in this thanksgiving a new benediction; the communion of living souls, both of the seen and the unseen, in the familiar intercourse of the earthly home, and in the silent fellowship with Heaven, opens a vision unknown to those who have not passed through the deep waters of affliction. Life is worthier and more sacred, and the strength of that unseen fellowship becomes our strength; the wisdom and the love that seemed to be taken away have a firmer hold and a more purifying power; the heart is lifted up in thanksgiving to the Giver of all Life, in wondering adoration of such abundant loving-kindness, and in the complete surrender of a child-like trust.

LIFE ETERNAL.

How do I know that after this

Another life there is?

Another life? There is but one:

In mystery begun,

Continued in a miracle, God's breath,

The living soul, spells not the name of death.

How know I that I am alive?

So only as I thrive

On truth, whose sweetness keeps the soul

Vigorous and pure and whole:

Heaven's health within is immortality,—

The life that is, and evermore shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

"IN THE BODY, OR OUT OF THE BODY."

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

THE indebtedness of religion to illusion cannot be thought of without some disquietude. That historic belief, without root in historic fact, should go on producing in generation after generation rich spiritual fruit, seems to be inconsistent with any sure principle of truth, with any fixed law of spiritual growth; and no subtle Ritschlian phrasing will ever, I suppose, quite reconcile us to the view that, if the story of a miracle helps to nourish religion—has a revelation value to the soul—it may be taken without inquiry into its nature as fact.

This disquietude is never, perhaps, more disturbing than at this season. Our eyes fall on words like these: "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." The gladness is indisputable. That a new joy did on that third day begin to thrill through a sin-saddened world, smiled on weary faces, and made heroic effort possible in the weakest, is as certain fact as any that history attests. But the cause? For "saw" am I coldly to read, "thought they saw?" And does it really not matter, when the connection is made, whether the objective character of the cause remain or not?

To hundreds of thousands of good Christian souls it matters much. If Christ be not raised, with "flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature," then, they verily believe, their faith is vain. To them the recurrence of Easter each year is as the stirring of fresh life in their veins, strong as the new sap rising in the vegetation of spring. It is a time of spiritual renovation. The far-off event almost re-enacts itself; the stone is rolled back, the "sad sepulchral rock" again unsealed. Sweet memories breathe round them with the fragrance of a garden visited at dawn. The day of days, the day which "sheds its light on all the year," has come. They are drawn into closer communion with their dead through him who has triumphed over death, and is alive for evermore. The old story is retold. Angels announce it, women with hurrying feet repeat it, disciples return to prove it, Jesus confirms it. It echoes and reflects itself in brighter and fuller worship, colour and music, and familiar text and song, and home-life feels the charm of it in gentler looks and happier greetings. Easter gladness is a very pure, strong and exalted joy to those who believe in their hearts what they say with their lips: "The third day he rose again from the dead."

But the fact? I, for one, would not go about to deny it, for there is nothing I can so little disprove, and that is a poor championship of truth which aims only at exposing supposed error. Only from the ground of higher belief more intensely realised have I any right to judge the beliefs of others. What if I be myself on a lower spiritual level? What if I have all knowledge and little faith? What if I be poorer by the want of that very gladness of heart which I would take away?

Yet this we may say, that, as Christ himself beforehand showed, there are those to whom, by the very nature of the proof, physical resurrection would be unconvincing. "Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Religious persuasion is the effect of spirit on spirit, not of matter on sense. More wonderful, and more effectual, than bodily rising from the grave was the rising of a quickening spirit in the souls of the disciples. To use the new language which was framed to fit a new experience, they were "risen with Christ," they put on "the new man," their lives were "hid" with him. So assuring was the power of this spiritual resurrection that one whose eyes were never gladdened by natural vision of the risen Lord could still say, "Last of all he was seen of me also."

This, then, was one of the evidences of the Resurrection, the evidence of a risen self. No verbal witnessing to an apparition would have satisfied a doubting world. But here were men themselves risen from the dead. When we think of the new presentation of life which broke out of the gloom and corruption of that age, it is as though we saw a free and radiant figure stepping forth from a dark and narrow tomb. It was easy to believe that Christ had risen, when the witnesses were themselves so evidently caught up out of themselves and transformed.

Christ is "risen indeed." Here all Christendom is at one. We cannot think of death as at once the solution and dissolution of life like his—not if there be a loving and righteous God of earth and heaven. "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world and go unto the Father." Is not this the essential doctrine of resurrection? Round this pure central truth illusions may have played—strange would it be if they had not—but only the illusions of too eager faith. And here, perhaps, we may seek the answer to that perplexing thought about the relation of illusion to religion. "Thy faith hath saved thee"—not indeed from error, but from believing a lie. That is not a lie which is born of love's expectancy, the fond anticipation which goes beyond the vision of the eye, beyond even the conclusions of the mind. For religion lies not in certainty of reason, or of sense, but in earnestness of soul. More to be dreaded than any illusion in the past is delusion from within—as when we dream of a higher life hereafter, and are in no haste to live, as we might, the risen life now. They alone are "witnesses of his resurrection" in whom there are already signs that the spirit has begun its upward way.

E. P. BARROW.

FROM A POEM,

"CRYING ABBA, FATHER."

WHATEVER darkness gather
O'er coverlet or pall,
Since Thou art Abba, Father,
Why should I fear at all?

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest,

My child's head nestles to my breast,
And how my arm her little form enfolds,
Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
And how she holds
My hands, my hands, my two hands in her own.

A little easeful sighing
And restful turning round,
And I, too, on Thy love relying,
Shall slumber sound.

WILLIAM CANTON.

LITERATURE.

IMMORTALITY.*

THE separate issue of Mr. Carpenter's Conference Address on "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," has been in our hands for some little time, but we cannot regret the delay which brings the present notice of it into our Easter number. As now published it forms a little book of great attractiveness, rich in thought and in moral and spiritual insight. It is enlarged by one third from the form in which the Discourse appeared in the *New World*, the additions being chiefly of a practical and illustrative nature, adding much to the interest and helpfulness of its appeal. One would be glad to think that this little book of 110 pages was very widely distributed at this time, as a gift from friend to friend, and as a messenger to all restless, seeking spirits, for it touches the very heart of the supreme question of immortal life and love, and in such a manner as to deepen the conviction of Divine reality, and to open a clearer vision of the abiding things of the Spirit.

The value we attach to the belief in a continuing life after death depends, Mr. Carpenter very truly says, on the general value we attach to life itself. The conviction of immortality possesses us, because of what we find in our present spiritual life, the supreme worth of character, in thought, in duty and affection. The vital things are just those which are unseen, in which we feel our kinship with the Unseen and the Eternal, rather than with that material world, in which the growth, decay, and dissolution of the body is but a passing incident. Thus the main part of this Discourse is concerned with the contents of that interior life, only touching lightly, though sufficiently, on questions of physical environment, pointing out suggestions of analogy in the process of evolution, and the doctrine of the conservation of energy, quoting also the saying of that thorough-going evolutionist, Dr. Fiske, to the effect that the old notion of a crude materialism, that the life of the soul must end with the life of the body, is "perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy."

In an opening section on "the argument from Historical Religion," Mr. Carpenter traces the growth of moral conviction in the ancient Indian religions, which worked out a theory of retribution continued through a series of lives, and the further conviction of the Persian faith, that with such moral discipline in progressive life there must be a final consummation in the victory of the good. These two elements reappear in different forms in Jewish and early Christian thought, expressed in the faith in a Messianic Judgment of all souls and the ultimate establishment of the kingdom of the righteous. But while the fundamental truth expressed in such beliefs remains with us, in the conviction of continuous moral discipline and the ultimate victory of the Divine Will, the form of our thinking, in Mr. Carpenter's view, is derived not so much from the Messianic notions of the New Testament as from the idealism of Greek philosophy. A striking passage from Jowett's "Plato" is quoted,

* "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief." A Discourse by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., Manchester College, Oxford. Mr. Philip Green. Price 1s. net.

showing how the spiritual conviction of the existence of truth and right carries with it the conviction of the existence of God, and this, again, the conviction of the undying life of the soul. Thus the assured ground of our hope and trust must be found in the nature of the reason, conscience, and spiritual affection of man, and in the character and purpose of God.

Out of the stores of a rich experience Mr. Carpenter speaks of "The Self and the Eternal," showing how much there is involved in human personality, and what boundless possibilities of larger life, incommensurable with the bounded life of the body, it contains. For instance, in our intellectual life there is a fellowship of spirit between man and God, beyond the reach of mortal dissolution.

The intellectual power that through words and things has gone "sounding on a dim and perilous way," is not worn out. It becomes, indeed, aware how minute a proportion its knowledge bears to the mighty sphere of the unknown beyond. But how suggestive is this contrast. When we enter this life, we are invited into a temple of creative imagination, and taught to spell the first letters of the mystic writing on its walls. Does death, then, bring with it dismissal? The manifestation of God in the world reveals a community between His mind and ours; and as that manifestation becomes clearer, shall we not see Him more truly as He is? Who will believe that in this path of our approach the Father of our being will suddenly arrest and cast us out? Will not the education in which we take the first steps here, be carried further when the veil of mortality is done away?

And so with our sense of beauty, the authority of conscience, the exquisite delights and high self-denials of affection—each in turn is felt "to possess a certain inexhaustible element, which in the present limits of our existence we can never fully realise," which thus becomes to us a prophecy of fuller life hereafter.

The chief additions to the Discourse are made in this section and the two following on the Demand for Retribution and for Recompense, as involved in the moral experience of life. With what rare insight Mr. Carpenter deals with this part of his subject the following passage will show, in which he is speaking of moral retribution, and how it may be with us when the veils of self-deception are stripped away, and we are compelled to see our past life as it was.

We are not without some faint warnings of what such experience may be. For ever and anon, it may be by the death of those we love, or through events which bring with them inevitable changes of scene and engagements, we are confronted again with the images of the past, and in the stress of great emotion the incidents of vanished years long hidden from our view start into life and freshness once again. And who does not know the vain regrets that here self-will forgot its tenderness, and there the love of ease evaded its rightful burdens; that here the grasp of duty was loose and fitful, and there concern for our own schemes absorbed all our attention, and we lost sight of the trust,—the happiness or the welfare of others,—which God had confided to our care. Even so, may it not be, as we pass from life to life. Through the veil of mortality which enwraps us now, we can behold but dimly the real significance of what we are, and even less clearly can we surmise what we may be. The panorama of life is like the vision which you may see among the Alps on some autumn morning. The mists lie thick upon the valleys, and only islets of rock and forest push their heads above the enfolding shroud. Here there are images of beauty, and there you behold only shadows and wastes, and the mind cannot connect the scattered fragments into any com-

pleted whole. It is the same with the landscape of our past. The levels of commonplace that lie among the heights of endeavour or emotion are hidden from us; yet it was in them that we were prepared for the strenuousness of our occasional ascent, it was also in them that we neglected our most precious opportunities, or suffered our most grievous falls. And one day, they, too, will be exposed to our view, as the sun of righteousness arises, and the films of forgetfulness and variety of prejudice and illusion are rolled away. In such vision of ourselves and God, will there not lie a purifying pain? "We needs must love the highest when we see it"; and to show us the highest, and give us, at whatever cost of moral anguish to ourselves, the power to behold it, must be a part of that severity which is also love. The awakened will desire the suffering which will purge and heal; and they will pass from life to life with the exact opposite of the ancient petition in one of our liturgies, for they will say, "O Lord, turn *not* from us those evils which we most justly have deserved."

The deeper life, instinct with moral insight, has its motives not in fear of punishment or hope of future reward, but in the fulfilment of unselfish service and in the growth of pure affection. It is the higher Will that lives and moves in each one, and the conviction of the life to come is not justly to be reproved as presumption or as self-seeking, but as the acceptance, in utter humility and thankfulness, of a great gift, and the surrender of self to the fulfilment of a Divine purpose. It is here that Mr. Carpenter makes his strongest appeal, reminding us not only of the noble and beautiful lives which pass beyond the veil manifestly to fruition and more perfect service, but also of the pathetic failures of the world, the many lives which had here no chance, and in which yet God had a purpose which cannot go for naught. He pictures Jesus on the Cross, crucified between two thieves, and asks, what of their future, for they also are sons of God? What the future discipline may be we cannot tell, but that the Infinite Compassion will find a way we may not doubt, and that at last they also will be brought into fellowship with the eternal Father.

It is for living souls that God must care, they whom He has called into "the liberty of the children of God." They are called into being, trained, disciplined, inspired, formed for communion with Himself. Then does He "sever the ties He has Himself established, forego His own work, and continually begin anew the process which a cooling earth will end? Wisely if boldly has one of our modern prophets pointed his argument:—

In short, close fellowship between the Eternal and the perishing

Appears unseemly to the nature of the Eternal, Whom it befits to keep his beloved, or not to love at all.

But to say that he loves no man is to make religion vain.

Hence it is judged that "whatsoever God loveth, liveth with God."

We are grateful for this little book, and trust that it will have a very wide acceptance. It is not to be lightly read, but laid to heart and earnestly pondered. Our first concern is with the living present; but we only fully understand the present, grasping its divine significance and the greatness of its purpose, when we have a further vision, and are quickened by immortal hope. And it is a service of the very highest value rendered by the true insight and the sympathy, which speak from these pages, leading to that fuller knowledge and an aspiration

which in all humility is devoted to the highest service. These are the concluding words of the Discourse:—

As we mount, new meanings flash upon our past and new energies are called forth for the future. The high desire of knowledge that cannot bear to leave its problems unsolved; the creative power of imagination shaping forth new forms of loveliness with inexhaustible variety; the passionate longing for the liberation of man from ignorance and error; the illimitable yearning for a share in his redemption from sins; the joy in wonder, reverence, humility, as far-off visions of God's thought and love, His beauty and righteousness, dawn brighter and clearer on our sight—who can be weary of these things? Who can shrink from their summons to perpetual endeavour, who turn aside from the gracious invitation which they bring from the Father of our spirits? Who will not pray, if prayer for such a boon be lawful, that the mysterious teacher whom we call Death may whisper to us, like him of old, 'I am come that ye may have life, and may have it abundantly'?

M. JEAN RÉVILLE'S SERMONS.*

THIS is a modest little volume containing a dozen discourses delivered at various places—Paris, Dieppe, Havre, &c.—by the accomplished editor of the "Revue de l'Histoire des Religions"—not to be confounded with his father, M. Albert Réville, who gave us the volume of Hibbert lectures, and who still lectures at the Collège de France. The chosen words of one of the small band of liberal Protestants in France must appeal with force to numbers among us who, whether we call ourselves Unitarians or not, put faith in the ultimate power of liberal Christianity. The French preacher may, more than his English brother, lose by the transference of the spoken word to the printed page, because he is accustomed to call to his aid in a greater degree voice, gesture, and ardour to give life and effect to his purpose; but the clearness of thought and lucidity of expression do not fail us here, and render the author's modest disclaimer unnecessary.

The duty of publicly putting forth "the free Christianity of the Gospel" as "the most fertile principle of moral life," of bringing together modern intelligence—in fact, the "higher criticism" of this side the Channel—and faith, M. Réville regards as paramount. This is the best work that can be done in the society of to-day, and is especially incumbent on those "who have brought to the front the scientific study of religious history according to the most rigorous principles of the critical method." He is convinced that the religious and moral principles of the Gospel, disengaged from tradition and dogma and translated into the modern speech, appeal to the best tendencies of democracy, and that this "modern Christianity," deeply religious, is quietly making its way. The key-note of this volume is the insistence on the necessity of the pure religion taught by Christ. The chords of criticism and historic sense are penetrated and controlled by the devout searching after God through Christ. There is no explaining away or leaving Christ on one side; the preacher always fills his sermon with some presence of the Master, while treating his subject in the spirit of a large charity and a practical philosophy.

Take as an example the fourth discourse

* "Paroles d'un Libre-croyant : Prédication Moderne de l'Evangile." Par Jean Réville. Paris. Fischbacher, 1898.

on the theme "To go to Christ is to go to the Gospel." The author brings his testimony—an instructed testimony—to the extraordinary phenomenon of the growth of Christianity "from the humble religious germ planted by a son of Galilee in the soul of a few fishermen," and he continues, "I should be almost tempted to add that it is more marvellous still since the strict methods of modern science have revealed to us the natural causes of what men formerly were pleased to range in the category of supernatural events." The civilisation of all Europe, largely resulting from the spiritual life of the moral nature deep-rooted in the Gospel; the never-ceasing throng of souls attracted by the powerful force of Christ, these wonderful facts but render greater the contrast with their point of origin. "What do we know of this Jesus of Nazareth, whose personality dominates the whole history of our race? . . . There are scarcely two or three events in his existence of which we can form a truly exact notion, so much so that recently a learned contemporary much attached to Christianity could begin an *exposé* of the life of Jesus by declaring that strictly speaking the history of his existence lies in three lines." The historic and psychologic insight of the writer admirably explains the diversity of traditions; the imagination of the faithful instinctively attributed to Jesus all the characteristics of what they thought perfection. "Thus we see successively appear in history the different representations of Christ, at times so divergent that it is difficult to conceive that they can all relate to one and the same historical being." And then in a series of short but graphic pictures are brought before us the Jewish Messiah holding in one hand the sword of destruction and justice, in the other the message of peace and reconciliation; the Greek Christ, in whom appeared the shining figure of the Logos, perfectly beautiful, pure, and good; the Oriental and Byzantine Christ, ideal of the monk and the ascetic; and the material Christ of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, who could be seen and touched and eaten. Then come the days of Luther and Calvin, and "Christ has become a doctor in theology," a Christ dry, hard, unpythy for those who are not of his opinion. Another age and "historical criticism is born," a series of new Christs arise, the romantic, the socialist, the prophetic, the mystic, the rationalist, the idyllic Christ, each of whom yet counts multitudes of adherents, "so much does each one of us find the need of attributing to his Christ what appears to him the most lovely, the truest, the greatest, or the most worthy."

We have the right to say that all go to the same Christ, and the reasons that urge us all are the same—the love of his Gospel which contains the words of eternal life. "Happy should I be could I make you feel this superior unity of Christianity," exclaims the preacher; and he enlarges upon the homage paid by all true believers, of whatever doctrine, to the spirit of sacrifice, of goodness, of love, of illimitable devotion, pervading Christ's Gospel. The application comes; make what image of Christ you like, "there is no other way that leads to him but the assimilation of the Gospel. This is the salutary teaching which springs from the history of the Christian Church." Many have exploited Christ, but have not known

the Gospel; there are others who have been the true disciples of the Master without knowing it. The preacher concludes in a passage of much beauty on the ideal communion of souls "under the conduct of the holy soul *par excellence* into which are concentrated all the scattered rays of moral and religious grandeur."

We have given this sketch, dwelling upon one discourse rather than touching upon several, in order to show in some measure M. Réville's method. In his company we feel that we are on a high plane; he brings a sympathy for all that is good in every faith, no less than deep learning to bear on the cause he has at heart. The discourse on "Christian unity" contains passages displaying a freedom of utterance which is seldom exceeded among our churches, the fine exordium beginning: "Christian unity is the communion of saints," and summed up in the word "Christian unity is a moral unity," especially commending itself. It must be remarked that the word *moral* is used in a wider meaning than the religious world usually give it in England, although familiar to many readers of THE INQUIRER; it bears the sense of spiritual life as well as of character, which we approach in the phrase—"height of moral grandeur." A most interesting page of this discourse is that where the author describes the accusations levied against the modern Free Christians in France, which precisely resemble what have been said against Unitarians in England, and reveal (if such revelation were needed) how closely we are related; they are, in fact (as one of them expounded to the present writer), Christian Unitarians.

Many of the subjects here treated are in the very front of modern thought, such as "Reform, not revolution"; "The indestructibility of Religion: Man always returns to God"; "The feeling of human misery is the first condition of moral progress"; "Sacrifice, the centre and focus of religion." It is the new Gospel uttered with much of the force and sweetness of the saintly Dr. Channing, whose spirit is recalled by more than one passage. Discarding set dogmas, but also discarding violent abuse of other creeds and faiths, the author does not hesitate to describe what he sees around him in a Catholic country—good Frenchman and manly Republican though he be—in order to point his moral, but in such a tone that shows that he first has truly drunk at the source where he would lead his hearers. We trust that the volume may find a place in many English and American homes.

L. TOULMIN SMITH.

LIVERPOOL LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

It is to be hoped that the scanty attendance at the annual meeting of the Liverpool District Missionary Association noticed in your issue for this week does not fairly represent the amount of interest taken in the work of the Society by the Unitarians of Liverpool and the neighbourhood. It is true that, as compared with some other District Missionary movements, the work is on a small scale and covers a not extensive area, but the fact that the Association has added during the last few years to the Free and Liberal Christian Churches of the district two vigorous and growing congregations, and

has been engaged during the past winter in sowing the seeds which seem likely to result in the formation of at least one more, should win for it the earnest and zealous support of the friends of religion open to the constant and continuous revelation of God. The meeting, small as it was, was not without its interest. In the absence of the Editor of THE INQUIRER, two of the members of the Liscard congregation gave proof by the earnestness and healthy optimism of their speeches that a great future is before the congregation there, which has just received so generous a gift. The acceptance of the Liscard pulpit by Mr. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, since announced, will still further confirm in the minds of all who know anything of minister and congregation the promise of the future.

Another event of interest to one of the churches in connection with the Association has since been made public in the fact that the late Mr. Philip Barker, of Nantwich, has most kindly and generously bequeathed £1,000 to the Crewe congregation—a very welcome encouragement to the brave little band of workers there.

One of the most interesting events of the past month to friends of our churches in this neighbourhood was the meeting of the Hamilton-road congregation held on Tuesday, March 29, in the handsome schoolroom, which has so often "welcomed the coming, sped the parting" minister to a congregation which in the past has had a chequered existence.

Hamilton-road will, I suppose, be called one of the "failures" of the Liverpool District Missionary Society. When we come to exchange our footrule, which can only take account of superficialities, for that scale without beginning and without ending, which measures by the intensity of devotion to high and spiritual purposes, possibly some of our "failures" may look more like "successes," and our successes—No! Let us keep the flattering unction to our souls that we have some successes, which not only are so in appearance but in reality also. When I hear my American friends speak well of the work and influence of the present minister of Dr. Channing's old church at Boston, I remember the Rev. John Cuckson as minister at Hamilton-road. The reverend gentleman whom the British and Foreign Unitarian Association are sending to arduous and important duties in India I remember as minister at Hamilton-road. Nor can I omit to mention, among others whose names occur to me as having done good work there, one whose endeavours towards the solution of some social problems, though probably now described as failures, will one day, I am convinced, be found to be steps in the onward ascent of society towards a nobler and fairer ideal.

The work at Hamilton-road, however, has, as many readers of THE INQUIRER are aware, been carried on for the last two years by the North End Domestic Mission, whose active and devoted minister, the Rev. J. L. Haigh, has virtually built up a new congregation there; and it was this congregation which held its first united social gathering on the evening in question. The room was well filled from platform to door, the speeches, which, as the names of the speakers will indicate, were of more than ordinary ability and interest, were eagerly listened to, and every point in them quickly taken up and applauded. Genuine good spirits, as one

of the speakers expressed it, characterised the meeting from start to finish.

The Chairman, Mr. Charles W. Jones, set the tone of the meeting at once by his racy description of the reasons "good, bad, and indifferent" which brought people to places of worship—reasons which one of the ministers following said he should make a note of to use in his sermons, particularly the bad one, on which, he said, "the chairman was particularly eloquent and persuasive."

Mr. Charles Jones' apt use of the simile comparing a minister and congregation of a church with the captain and crew of a ship evidently "struck home." Rev. R. A. Armstrong, Rev. Dr. Klein, Mr. W. B. Bowring, Rev. W. J. Jupp were the speakers who followed.

The large number of young men who lined the room were addressed in a few earnest words by Mr. Armstrong, who saw in their presence a good augury for the future of the congregation, not, as he said, "that they were any better than the young women, or half as good." In a few cheerful and cheering words Mr. Haigh thanked all those who had contributed to the success of the evening.

One noticed a large number of faces familiar at Hamilton-road meetings during previous years, and the numerous band of young people which Mr. and Mrs. Haigh and their faithful helpers had gathered round them were a most welcome feature.

It is interesting to note that this adoption of a distinctly congregational position is a development of the work of Domestic Missions on lines of evolution already quite familiar to those acquainted with their history. Nor can it with any justice be urged, that in the regular Sunday service and congregational life devoted to the free and unfettered worship of God in spirit and in truth, they are departing one whit from the unsectarian and undenominational character which their founders and supporters have always claimed for them.

The true aim of our Unitarianism and Free Christianity are in themselves unsectarian and undenominational; as such they are preached and worked for in the vast majority of our churches and congregations, and if our Domestic Missions join them in the establishment of living and working congregations for the same great ends they deserve the encouragement of all.

Before I conclude I should like, Mr. Editor, with your permission, to mention that the Birkenhead congregation, as your columns next week will, I hope, show, are appealing for financial assistance towards the erection of a new church and schoolrooms nearer the residential neighbourhood than their present building. An excellent site has been already secured, and the members of the congregation have themselves raised nearly £500 towards the total sum which will be required after the present site has been disposed of. If this movement can be achieved within the near future, the prospects of the congregation under the able leadership of the Rev. James Crossley are very good indeed. Perhaps some of the readers of THE INQUIRER will help.

THE Rev. J. A. Brinkworth, of Saffron Walden, writes concerning the late Mr. E. T. Whitfield, of whom we published a notice on March 19. From knowledge

based on a friendship of nearly forty years, Mr. Brinkworth says that the greater part of Mr. Whitfield's apprenticeship was spent with Messrs. Wasson and Co., of Shepton Mallet, Somerset, whence he removed to London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

"TWO OPPOSING TENDENCIES."

SIR,—I find it impossible longer to be wholly silent on this agitating theme. I wish to reserve any full discussion on my part of the questions at issue till the appearance of Mr. Fripp's promised pamphlet, which I am eagerly awaiting. But, meanwhile, I must put in a heartfelt protest against the tone which some of my brother ministers seem to be adopting towards Unitarian Christianity. No man has stood more absolutely for the freedom of our churches than I have. I have always withstood the tendency to call them Unitarian. I will have them bound neither by Mr. Roper's Unitarianism, nor by Mr. Fripp's Christianity, nor by Dr. Martineau's Presbyterianism. But I will not, therefore, stand by and hear, without protest, the depreciation of Unitarian Christianity which seems now to pass as Liberalism and Catholicity.

I am totally unable, with Mr. Gow, although I am generally in close accord with his utterances, to distinguish between preaching what I believe and preaching the gospel. Preaching what I believe is to me preaching the gospel, and preaching the gospel is to me preaching what I believe. And when I write "I" and "me," I do not doubt that I am expressing the mind of many of my brethren also.

Nor can I divide my utterances into intellectual and spiritual and keep the two apart. They intermingle and are inseparable. When I give a theological lecture, whatever force it has is derived quite as much from the glow of religious feeling as from intellectual dialectic. When I try to preach a sermon straight to the souls of the people, I am neither able, nor do I desire, to remove from it the framework of intellectual thought. Nor have I a shadow of doubt that when I am most Unitarian I also most closely touch the consciences and hearts of those to whom I speak.

I cannot understand how a man like Mr. Gow can think orthodoxy superior in its appeal to souls to Unitarian Christianity. Nor can I understand how he can speak of many of our organisations as "steeped in dogma." What organisations? And what does he mean by dogma? Surely dogma is doctrine authoritatively imposed. Which of our organisations authoritatively imposes doctrine, or could do so even if it wished?

That there are men and, let us hope, societies among us aglow with great and luminous convictions—convictions of the unsullied Fatherhood of God, of the reality of Divine Communion apart from any Mediator, of the dear Brotherhood of Jesus of Nazareth, of the continuance of Divine Revelation now and here, of the conquering power of Love and Goodness over every hell—this, indeed, is true. And

these convictions are the direct contradiction of so many articles of the orthodox creed. These convictions are the dominant notes of Unitarian Christianity. They may or may not be part of Mr. Fripp's religion. They are certainly the sum and substance of my own. And if it is for dwelling in season and out of season on these things that we are reproached, then I for one will glory in my reproach, and while jealously claiming for Mr. Fripp as full a freedom as I maintain for myself, I will go on preaching these things while God gives me breath.

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG.
Liverpool, April 2.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

Barnard Castle.—The Teesside Committee arranged and carried out three special services explanatory of Unitarianism on March 27, 28, 29. On Sunday the Rev. J. H. Weatherall preached on "God and Christ," and on Monday on "Sin and Salvation"; and on the Tuesday night Rev. Arthur Harvie preached on "Heaven and Hell." For the stormy weather and the size of the town the results were satisfactory.

Eastbourne.—We are glad to be able to report that there are signs of increased interest being taken in the Unitarian services which are held here. The attendance at our Sunday services and Monday evening "conferences" is increasing. The musical part of the service has been improved and rendered more attractive. During last month the total Sunday attendance was more than three times as large as it was in March last year. And some recent utterances of the minister have attracted a good deal of attention in the local press, in the form of comments and replies. In particular, one sermon of his, dealing with the doctrinal tendencies of the "New Orthodoxy," called forth in reply a letter in which the practical position of the Unitarian denomination was vigorously attacked, and controversial "capital" was made out of the case of the Rev. E. A. Voysey. This gave Dr. Mellone an opportunity of defending the denomination, and explaining the position of Rational Christianity. Dr. Mellone, who has been conducting the services here during March, will continue to do so during April.

Gloucester.—A congregational tea and social evening was held at Barton-street Chapel on Friday, April 1. After tea a programme of songs, recitations, and instrumental music was given in a style which afforded the greatest entertainment and pleasure. Letters were received from Mrs. W. E. Price (who wrote from Torquay), Mr. and Mrs. Julian Winsor (Malvern), Mr. James Wareing, and others, regretting their inability to be present. Among the company were several friends from Cheltenham. At the commencement of the proceedings the chair was taken by Dr. Bond, who referred to the fact that that was the seventh anniversary of the Rev. Walter Lloyd's settlement in Gloucester, and was therefore a red-letter day in the history of the chapel. He congratulated Mr. Lloyd on the good work he had been instrumental in doing, and hoped he would remain in the city for many years to come. Mr. Lloyd added a few appropriate remarks. A unanimous vote of thanks to those who had taken part in the concert brought the evening to a close. On Sunday evening Mr. Lloyd delivered a discourse on "Seven Years' Retrospect," touching upon the work of the congregation and events of interest in the city during the period of his ministry.

Great Yarmouth.—A series of Thursday evening lectures on "What Unitarian Christianity has to say for itself" was given during March. The Rev. E. M. Daplyn spoke on "What we believe about Jesus Christ"; the Rev. Wm. Jellie, B.A., on "What we believe about God"; the Rev. Geo. Lansdown, on "The True Heaven and the Real Hell"; and the Rev. W. Rodger Smyth, on "The Sum and Substance of the Unitarian Faith." The attendance was encouraging, most of those present being strangers. Hope was expressed that similar lectures would be given next winter. In conjunction with these Thursday lectures Sunday evening discourses have been given by Mr. Rodger Smyth on "What I have to say in behalf of my Faith," the

object being to make evident the faith of Unitarianism.

Ilkeston.—There have been some very strange reports flying about here as to what Unitarianism stands for. A curate of one of the churches told a member of our congregation, on whom he happened to call when she was dying, that she did not believe in God, and unless she made a fresh start it would go very hard with her when she passed away. There are some who are under the impression that Unitarians worship idols (this at the end of the nineteenth century!), and others think we worship no one but ourselves. These are no imaginary cases, but a statement of facts. With a view of removing some of these ideas we have fallen into grievous error—for which we repent in sackcloth and ashes—we have had courses of Sunday evening lectures "dogmatising" on the beliefs of Unitarians. Rev. H. S. Perrie, of Mansfield, Rev. J. Birks, of Derby, Rev. J. Freeston, late of Macclesfield, have taken part in the last course. Two of the local papers, *The Journal and Advertiser*, have given lengthy reports of these lectures, and we have good reason to believe that they have done good in disabusing the minds of a great number of people. The chapel has all along been against our making headway, being situated in a side street, behind a public-house. We have no school accommodation, and find it difficult to retain the children that are sent to us from time to time. We have decided therefore to make an effort to obtain a more suitable building; retaining the present one for school and social purposes, the development of our work demanding that such a movement should be made. We propose holding a bazaar on May 13, 14 and 16, and give the proceeds towards the building fund.

Leigh (Appointment).—The Rev. A. H. Dolphin has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the minister at Leigh, and will begin his work there on June 5.

London: Brixton.—On Sunday morning Mr. A. M. Bose, of Calcutta, preached at Effra-road, the service being conducted by the Rev. James Harwood. Taking for his text the farewell words of Joshua, addressed to his people, exhorting them to forsake false gods and ending "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," Mr. Bose spoke with great earnestness of the false gods which still draw away our true allegiance, all the more insidious because they were not idols made with hands, but inward tempters, and then dwelt upon the multitude of the mercies unbought and undeserved, which crown our life, ending with an appeal for more complete surrender to the Eternal, the inward life of communion, trust and obedience.

London: Wandsworth.—The closing soirée and annual business meeting of the fourth session of the Elmsfield Social and Literary Union took place on Thursday, March 31. The secretary's report showed that the session had been very successful and that the work done was in every way satisfactory. During the session thirteen meetings have been held, with an average attendance of seventy per meeting. The number of members is 103, the largest on record. The officers for next session are:—President, Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A.; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. B. Lawford; and Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. E. Bideaux and Hugh W. James. During the summer it is proposed to hold various rambles and cycle outings in connection with the society on convenient Saturday afternoons.

London: Wood-green.—It will be seen from our advertising columns that a bazaar is being promoted by our Wood-green friends to clear off their building debt. No recent effort of our people in the neighbourhood of London commenced with less prospect of success than this at Wood-green. At first there could scarcely be called the nucleus of a congregation, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, when they were not actively antagonistic, were profoundly indifferent. Notwithstanding this, Dr. Mummery has gathered around him some of the most thoughtful and intelligent men and women in Wood-green. Among his congregation are three members of the District Council, one of the County Council, one of the School Board, and one (a lady) of the Board of Guardians. During the seven years the society has been established, a plot of land has been bought and paid for, on a part of which two halls have been erected, leaving sufficient room for the future church. The object of the present bazaar is to clear off the balance of debt, amounting to about £200, on the small hall that was erected last year. We understand that the ladies of the Hampstead congregation are contributing a stall, and we trust that other friends will come forward with much needed help.

Loughborough.—Some years ago the Board of Guardians abolished the paid chaplaincy and handed over the conduct of the services at the workhouse to the Nonconformist Ministers' Fraternal, but that body have persistently refused to allow our ministers any share in this work. As a protest

against this continued exclusion, our minister, Rev. H. E. Haycock, was nominated as an independent candidate, and, by the withdrawal of the Mayor, has been elected without a contest to a seat on the Board of Guardians. His nomination was backed by men of all political and religious shades of thought. And there is no doubt, had he been allowed to go to the poll, the narrow section of Nonconformists would have received a severe check. It is only fair to state that two ministers in the Fraternal have dissociated themselves from the illiberal action of the others. On Sunday last Mr. Haycock preached to a large congregation, taking as his subject "Are Unitarians Christians?" Next Sunday he preaches on "Religious Equality."

Lydgate.—The 203rd anniversary of this chapel was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, March 27 and 28. On the Sunday afternoon a musical service was held, readings being given illustrative of the life and times of the Rev. Oliver Heywood, founder of the chapel. In the evening there was a commemorative service. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Green, B.A. (minister). Both services were considered highly successful. On the Monday a public tea was held, which was largely attended. After tea a crowded and enthusiastic meeting was addressed by Mr. J. S. Mathers, J.P. (President of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union), Mr. J. Scott (Leeds), Rev. J. Taylor (Elland), and the Rev. J. H. Green, B.A. The balance-sheet and Secretary's report showed that the congregation was in a healthy and thriving condition. Much emphasis was laid upon the need of a larger school-room in order to cope with the increasing numbers of Sunday scholars. All the institutions connected with church and school were prospering well. Altogether it appeared there was a good prospect of much successful work being done at Lydgate.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—On Sunday, April 3, anniversary services were held in the Church of the Divine Unity, the preacher in the morning being the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, and in the evening the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Birmingham. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the previous day contained portraits of both preachers, with an appreciative biographical notice, and needless to say, the church was crowded at both services. On Monday afternoon the annual soir   was held in the schoolrooms, when a fairly large company sat down to tea. A public meeting was afterwards held in the church, the Rev. Frank Walters presiding. Mr. Walters was supported by the Revs. Joseph Wood, J. H. Weatherall, B.A., and Arthur Harvie, also Messrs. D. Davies, John Pattinson, and Robert Elliott. Interesting addresses were delivered; that of the Rev. Joseph Wood on "The New Reformation" being greatly appreciated.

Portsmouth: High street.—The annual meeting of the congregation has just been held, and the report shows a net gain of twenty-eight new members to the church. The Band of Hope keeps well to the fore, and Mrs. Rogers' class has recently been installed in the new John Pounds Institute for Girls. In connection with the latter, on Saturday evening last, a public dramatic performance was given at Southsea, when the entire caste of the company (amateurs) was composed of church ladies and gentlemen—with one exception, that of Mr. Cosens Prior's eldest son. These good friends of the Girls' Institute expect, in this way, to hand over to the funds not less than twenty pounds sterling. The death roll for the year included the honoured and much-loved name of Mrs. Eveleigh, of Shide, I.W., and the death of Mrs. Eveleigh recalls a very interesting incident in the life of John Pounds. Pounds had taken one of his boys to show the late Mr. Ed. Carter—Mrs. Eveleigh's father—how well the lad was getting on with his sums, when, suddenly, in the hall of Mr. Carter's house, the old cobbler staggered, and would have fallen had not Mr. Carter supported him, and it was to Miss Carter that her father called to bring the chair on which the good old man sat and died. Thercent two visits of Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, of Bombay, have proved both interesting and helpful to the congregation here. We liked very much both the messenger and the message from the Brahma Somaj of India.

Rotherham.—On Thursday evening, March 31, a performance of C. H. Gabriel's opera, *The Merry Milkmaids*, was given by the teachers and scholars of the Church of our Father Sunday School. It is expected that the performance will be repeated for the benefit of the children's ward of the Rotherham Hospital.

Scarborough (Presentation).—An interesting presentation was made on Monday, March 21, to the minister and his wife. They were presented "with love and goodwill" with a handsome bicycle each. The bicycles, richly caparisoned and finely attired, were the gift of a number of members and friends of Westborough Church. Wishes were expressed for the health and happiness of the riders, who felt that their friends had taken a very

practical and kind way of fulfilling their own wishes.

Swinton (Presentation).—On Wednesday week a farewell presentation was made to the Rev. W. R. Shanks on his removal to Strangeways, Manchester. A handsome oak writing table and a purse of gold were the farewell gift of the congregation, the ladies of the sewing society also giving Mrs. Shanks a tea service, and the dramatists of the Sunday-school giving Mr. Shanks a photograph of themselves in character. Mr. Colin Johnson was in the chair, and among the speakers were the Revs. P. M. Higginson and A. H. Dolphin. Warm testimonies were borne to the value of Mr. Shanks' six years' ministry at Swinton, and cordial wishes were expressed for his future.

Torquay.—An excellent concert, including Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, ended this winter's series of Monday social evenings. The high character of the music at these gatherings is recognised by others besides our own members. Besides musical evenings we have had a reading of Tennyson's "Holy Grail," by Professor Carpenter, a lecture on "Oliver Cromwell," by Rev. F. T. Reed, a lecture on "Switzerland," by Rev. Priestley Prime, some account of "Lowell," with readings, by Mr. Chris. Patrick, and a number of "Personal Recollections," by various members.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. HARWOOD, B.A.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. HOLMSHAW.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Dr. BROOKE HERFORD.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. C. SAPHIN.
Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D.
Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON, 11 A.M., "The Easter Hope," and 7 P.M., "The Glorified Man."
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. E. STRONGE.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Rev. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. CADMAN.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. G. CARTER.
Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. S. FARRINGTON.
Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.
Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. LUCKING TAVENER.
Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. F. W. STANLEY.
BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. L. P. JACKS.
BLACKPOOL, Banks-street, North Shore, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. WM. BINNS.
BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.
BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. W. L. SCHROEDER.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COE.
BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-st., 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. HOOD.
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.
CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.
EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. A. FALLOWS, M.A.
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. J. JUPP.
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. Dr. KLEIN.
MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORREST, M.A.
MANCHESTER, Strangeways, 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. R. SHANKS.
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. C. B. UPTON, B.A., B.Sc.
PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.
READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, B.A.
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M., Rev. C. H. WELBELOVED, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
WEYMOUTH, Oddfellows' Hall, Market-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. C. BENNETT.
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BIRKS, F.R.A.S.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Hampstead, 11.15 A.M., Rev. Dr. HERFORD. Communion at close of Service.

SOUTH-PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY,
SOUTH-PLACE, FINSBURY.—April 10th, at 11.15. B. NAGARKAR, "The Position of Hindu Women in Ancient and Modern Times."

MARRIAGES.

DALBY—TYSON—On March 30th, at the Unitarian Church, Brook's Bar, by the Rev. C. Roper, B.A., Edward E. Dalby, to Eleanor Agnes (Nellie), only daughter of John Tyson, of Manchester, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Alderman Robinson, Kendal. No cards.
MARSHALL—BROWN—On March 31st, at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, by the Rev. Chas. Hargrove, M.A., Fred Marshall, of Bolton-le-Moors, youngest son of the late J. W. Marshall, of New Plymouth, New Zealand, to Margaret Ayrton, eldest daughter of George W. Brown, of 78, Belsize Park Gardens, Hampstead.

DEATHS.

COX—On March 22nd, at The Gables, Honiton, aged 76, Spencer Murch Cox, for 37 years Coroner for the Honiton District of Devonshire. By his express desire no flowers, wreaths, or mourning of any description.

EASTER AT ROME.—Very cheap inclusive Trips to Italy, starting April 1st and 6th, from any parts; also to Paris, Brussels, Switzerland, 7 days, £5, inclusive. May and June grand Tours to Germany and Ardenness.—Miss ALBITES, Midland Institute, Birmingham.

PULPIT SUPPLY.—The REV. W. STODDART, B.A., is at LIBERTY to take SUNDAY DUTY.—Address, 30, West Bank, Stamford Hill, London, N.

CAN any one recommend, at once, a thoroughly reliable temporary NURSE, for five children.—Apply, Mrs. WALLACE BRUCE, 9, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, W.

ESSEX HALL, SOUTHEM-ON-SEA.

UNITARIANS MUST QUIT THIS HALL.

Pressure has been brought to bear upon the proprietors of this Hall, which I have occupied on Sunday Evenings for the last two years at a rental of £20, and I have notice to quit. I intend at once to proceed with the erection of an Iron Church similar to that now so prosperous at Walthamstow, as no other building can be had at Southend. The sum of £300 will be needed. Some forty adult persons attend the services now, and one of these has presented me with an eligible site, about three minutes' walk from High-street, and the same distance from the Beach. I am asking for nothing just now but the *promise* of help. These promises can be paid after the completion of the building to Miss EMILY SHARPE, 32, Highbury-place, London, N., who has kindly consented to be Treasurer *pro tem*. An audited account of receipts and payments will be sent to every subscriber, and the list of subscriptions will appear in the *INQUIRER* and *Christian Life* newspapers.

ROBERT SPEARS.

Arundel House, Highgate, London, N.

PROMISES.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|----|
| Sir E. Durning Lawrence, Bart., M.P. ... | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss J. Durning Smith ... | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Woodier ... | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Fellows Pearson ... | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Rev. R. Spears ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. B. Bowring ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Mary E. Lawrence ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. James Thompson ... | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. W. Wright ... | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. John Troup ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Harriett Benn ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Wrigley ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Charlton ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Matilda Sharpe ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Anna Swanwick ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
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| Mr. F. Withall ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. C. Jolly ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Nettlefold ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss M. C. Martineau ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Bayle Bernard ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. H. J. Gardiner ... | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mrs. R. Davenport Hill ... | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Miss Preston ... | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Barker Ellis ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| G. H. ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. M. Price ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Harrison ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Jos. Glover ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Miss A. Wakefield ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. W. R. Lake ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Miss Ridge ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
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| E. H. Wellisher ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. F. H. Harrison ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Maurice Grant ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. Keating ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. F. K. Rudd ... | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Ponder ... | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. I. M. Wade ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. Thos. Elliott ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. Henry Rutt ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Rev. Thomas Thomas ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. F. W. Greenfield ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. French ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Professor Estlin Carpenter ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. Edward Cobb ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
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| Mr. George Knight ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| H. H. S. ... | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Miss M. F. Floyd ... | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Mr. F. W. Plumtre ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Rev. W. G. Marsden ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Miss Gracey ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Mr. P. M. Clayden ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Miss E. H. Corfield ... | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Mrs. Fanny M. Evans ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
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| Mr. W. F. Bond ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
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| Mr. G. Andrews ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. C. R. Chamberlaine ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
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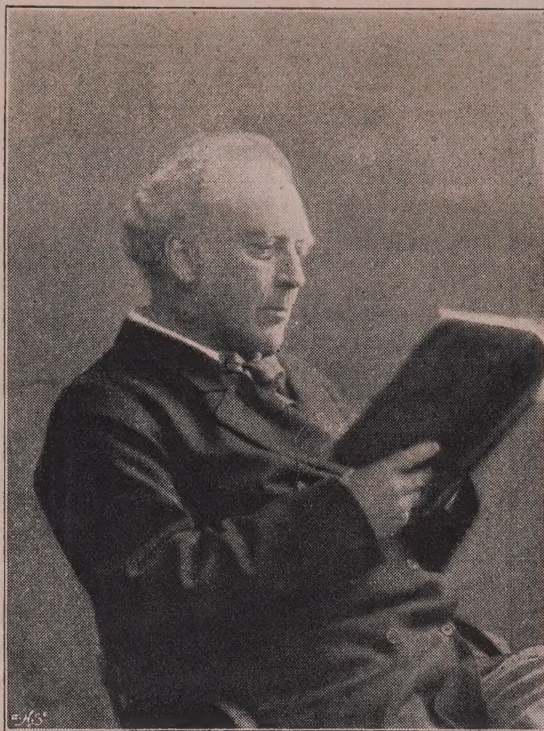
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